Def. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Lest being like one of heauen, the deuills themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd;
Sweare thou art honest.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue lost him,
Why I haue lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing finger at—oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there, where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Def. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art so louely faire?
Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sence akes at thee,

Would

Would thou hadst ne'r
Def. Alas, what ign
Oth. Was this faire
Made to write whore v
Committed: Oh thou
I should make very for
That would to cinders
Did I but speake thy d
Heauen stops the nose
The bawdy wind that
Is husht within the hol
And will not hear't: —
Def. By heauen yo
Oth. Are not you
Def. No, as I am a C
If to preserue this vesse
From any other foule
Be not to be a strumpe
Oth. What, not a w
Def. No, as I shall b
Oth. Ist possible?
Def. O heauen forg
Oth. I cry you mer
I tooke you for that cu
That married with *Oth*
That haue the office opp
And keepes the gates
We ha done our course
I pray you turne the k
Em. Alas, what doe
How doe you Madam
Def. Faith halfe a
Em. Good Madam
Def. With who?
Em. Why, with my
Def. Who is thy Lo
Em. He that is you
Def. I ha none, doe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN